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University of Toronto

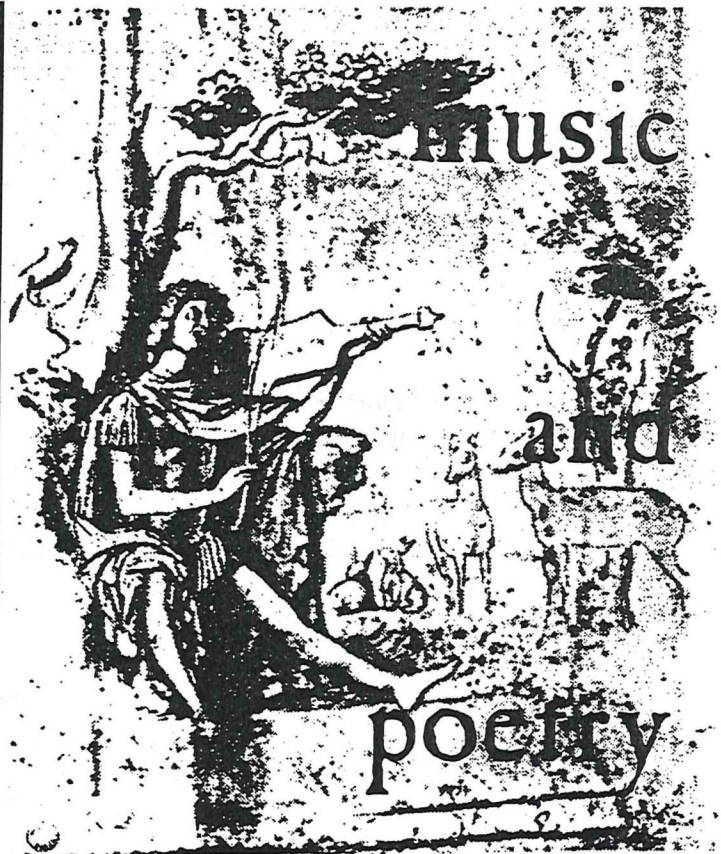
Faculty of Music

12:10pm

Walter Hall

25 March 1999

Thursday Noon Series



—Songs of Experience and Innocence—

Francis **Poulenc:**

La Courte Paille

Igor **Stravinsky:**

Berceuses du Chat

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Mary Bella, soprano

Vilma Indra Vitols, mezzo soprano

Peter Stoll, Robert Woolfrey, Carlos Melendez, clarinets

John Hawkins, piano

Prof. Eric Domville, commentator

programme

Songs of Experience and Innocence- a talk in two parts by Prof. Eric Domville.

La courte paille (The Short Straw)-1960

Francis Poulenc
(1899-1963)

7 Chansons de Maurice Carême

- I. Le sommeil (Sleep)
- II. Quelle aventure! (What Goings-on!)
- III. La reine de coeur (The Queen of Hearts)
- IV. Ba, Be, Bi, Bo, Bu
- V. Les anges musiciens (The Angel Musicians)
- VI. Le carafon (The Baby Carafe)
- VII. Lune d'Avril (April Moon)

Mary Bella, *soprano*
John Hawkins, *piano*

Part II of Prof. Domville's talk.

Berceuses du chat (Cat Lullabies)-1915/1916

Igor Stravinsky
(1882-1971)

*Suite of Songs for female voice and three clarinets.
Russian folk texts; French version by C.-F. Ramuz.*

Sung in French

- I. Sur le poêle (On the Stove)
- II. Intérieur (Indoors)
- III. Dodo (Lullaby)
- IV. Ce qu'il a le chat (What the Cat Has)

Sung in Russian

- I. Spi Kot (Sleep, Cat)
- II. Kot na pyechi (Cat on the Brick Stove)
- III. Bai-Bai (Lullaby)
- IV. U Kota, Kota (The Cat Has)

Vilma Indra Vitols, *mezzo soprano*
Peter Stoll, *clarinet in E-flat*, Robert Woolfrey, *clarinets in A and B-flat*;
Carlos Melendez, *bass clarinet in B-flat and clarinet in A*

Duetto Buffo di Due Gatti (Comic Duet for Two Cats)

Gioacchino Rossini
(1792-1868)

Mary Bella, *soprano*; Vilma Indra Vitols, *mezzo soprano*;
John Hawkins, *piano*

Side B

Works performed at Music and Poetry lecture/concerts 1994-99 -

Berg, Alban	Four Songs, op.2 Seven Early Songs
Bizet, Georges	Au fond du temple saint (Pearl Fishers)
Britten, Benjamin	Canticles I, II, III, IV Serenade for Tenor, Horn and Strings Sechs Hölderlin Fragmente
Copland, Aaron	12 Poems of Emily Dickinson
Carter, Elliott	Voyage
Dallapiccola, Luigi	Quattro Liriche di Antonio Machado
Hawkins, John	Nightsong (first performance) if there are any heavens... (first performance) Drei Sonette an Orpheus (Rilke)(first performance)
Holman, Derek	i thank You God...
Morley, Thomas	It Was a Lover and His Lass (arr. Hawkins)
Poulenc, Francis	La courte paille
Ross, Erik	In Moonlight (first performance)
Rossini, Gioacchino	Duetto Buffo di Due Gatti
Schoenberg, Arnold	Two Songs, op. 14 Pierrot Lunaire (Part I and excerpts from Parts II and III)
Shostakovich, Dmitri	Six Poems of Marina Tsvetaeva Suite on Words by Michelangelo (movements 8-11)
Sondheim, Stephen	Our Time (Merrily We Roll Along)
Strauss, Richard	Drei Lieder der Ophelia
Stravinsky, Igor	In Memoriam Dylan Thomas The Owl and the Pussycat Cantata (1952) 3 Songs from William Shakespeare Berceuses du chat
Wolf, Hugo	Michelangelo-Lieder

Lecturers and commentators-

Sterling **Beckwith**: Professor, Department of Fine Arts, York U.

Eric **Domville**: Emeritus Professor of English, Trinity College, UofT.

Konrad **Eisenbichler**: Director, Centre for Renaissance and Reformation Studies, Victoria University, UofT.

Andrew **Hughes**: Professor, Faculty of Music, UofT.

Edward **Laufer**: Professor, Faculty of Music, UofT.

Donald **McLean**: Associate Professor, Faculty of Music, McGill U.

Mark **Sallmen**: Assistant Professor, Faculty of Music, UofT.

Ray **Skyrme**: Professor, Department of Spanish and Portuguese, UofT.

Performers-

Sterling **Beckwith**, bass; Mary **Bella**, soprano; Michael **Colvin**, tenor; Teri **Dunn**, soprano; Liesel **Fedkenheuer**, mezzo soprano; John **Hawkins**, piano and conductor; Dean **Kustra**, countertenor; Cora Lee **Paddock**, soprano; Gabriel **Radford**, horn; Catherine M. **Robin**, soprano; Vilma **Indra Vitols**, mezzo soprano; James **Westman**, baritone; Cindy **Won**, mezzo soprano; David **Zafer**, conductor; U of T Chamber Orchestra; U of T Women's Chorus; various Faculty/Student ensembles.

La courte paille- Francis Poulenc

Le sommeil

Le sommeil est en voyage,
Mon Dieu! où est-il parti?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit,
Il pleure dans son lit-cage,
Il pleure depuis midi.

Où le sommeil a-t-il mis
Son sable et ses rêves sages?
J'ai beau bercer mon petit,
Il se tourne tout en nage,
Il sanglote dans son lit.

Ah! reviens, reviens, sommeil,
Sur ton beau cheval de course!
Dans le ciel noir, la Grande Ourse
A enterré le soleil
Et rallumé ses abeilles.

Si l'enfant ne dort pas bien,
Il ne dira pas bonjour,
Il ne dira rien demain
A ses doigts, au lait, au pain
Qui l'accueillent dans le jour.

Quelle aventure!

Une puce, dans sa voiture,
Tirait un petit éléphant
En regardant les devantures
Où scintillaient les diamants.

-Mon Dieu!mon Dieu! quelle aventure
Qui va me croire, s'il m'entend?
L'éléphanteau, d'un air absent,
Suçait un pot de confiture.
Mais la puce n'en avait cure,
Elle tirait en souriant.

-Mon Dieu!mon Dieu! que cela dure
Et je vais me croire dément!
Soudain, le long d'une clôture,
La puce fondit dans le vent
Et je vis le jeune éléphant
Se sauver en fendant les murs.

-Mon Dieu!mon Dieu!la chose est sûre,
Mais comment la dire à maman?

Sleep

Sleep has gone off on a journey
Gracious me! Where can it have gone?
I have rocked my little one in vain,
He is crying in his crib,
He has been crying since noon.

Where has sleep put
Its sand and its gentle dreams?
I have rocked my little one in vain,
He tosses and turns perspiring,
He sobs in his bed.

Ah! come back, come back, sleep,
On your fine race-horse!
In the dark sky, the Great Bear
Has buried the sun
and rekindled his bees.

If the little one does not sleep well
He will not say good day,
He will have nothing to say
to his fingers, to the milk, to the bread
That greet him in the morning.

What goings-on!

A flea in its carriage,
was pulling a little elephant along
Gazing at the shop windows
where diamonds were sparkling.

-Good gracious! what goings-on!
Who will believe me if I tell them?
The little elephant was absent-mindedly
Sucking a pot of jam.
But the flea took no notice,
And went on pulling with a smile.

-Good gracious! if this goes on
I shall really think I am mad!
Suddenly, along by a fence,
The flea vanished in the wind
And I saw the young elephant
Make off by breaking through the walls.

-Good gracious! it is perfectly true,
But how shall I tell Mummy?

La reine de coeur

Mollement accoudée
A ses vitres de lune,
La reine vous salue
D'une fleur d'amandier.

C'est la reine de coeur,
Elle peut, s'il lui plaît,
Vous mener en secret
Vers d'étranges demeures.

Où il n'est plus de portes,
De salles ni de tours
Et où les jeunes mortes
Viennent parler d'amour.

La reine vous salue,
Hâtez-vous de la suivre
Dans son château de givre
Aux doux vitraux de lune.

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu...

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, bé!
Le chat a mis ses bottes,
Il va de porte en porte
Jouer, danser, chanter.

Pou, chou, genou, hibou.
Tu dois apprendre à lire,
A compter, à écrire,
Lui crie-t-on de partout.

Mais rikketikketau
Le chat de s'esclaffer,
En rentrant au château:
Il est le Chat Botté!

Les anges musiciens

Sur les fil de la pluie,
Les anges du jeudi
Jouent longtemps de la harpe.

Et sous leurs doigts, Mozart
Tinte délicieux,
En gouttes de joie bleue.

Car c'est toujours Mozart
Que reprennent sans fin
Les anges musiciens,

Qui, au long du jeudi,
Font chanter sur la harpe
La douceur de la pluie.

The Queen of Hearts

Gently leaning on her elbow
At her moon windows,
The queen waves to you,
With a flower of the almond tree.

She is the queen of hearts,
She can, if she wishes,
Lead you in secret
To strange dwellings.

Where there are no more doors,
No rooms nor towers
And where the young who are dead
Come to speak of love.

The queen waves to you,
Hasten to follow her
Into her castle of hoar-frost
With the lovely moon windows.

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu...

Ba, be, bi, bo, bu, be!
The cat has put on his boots,
He goes from door to door
Playing, dancing, singing.

Pou, chou, genou, hibou.
"You must learn to read,
to count, to write",
They cry to him on all sides.

But rikketikketau
The cat bursts out laughing,
As he goes back to the castle:
He is Puss in Boots!

The Angel Musicians

On the threads of the rain
The Thursday angels
Play all day upon the harp.

And beneath their fingers, Mozart
Tinkles deliciously
In drops of blue joy.

For it is always Mozart
That is repeated endlessly
by the angel musicians,

Who, all day Thursday
Sing on their harps
The sweetness of the rain.

I Sur le poêle

Dors sur le poêle,
bien au chaud, chat;
La pendule bat; elle bat,
mais pas pour toi.

II Intérieur

Le chat, dans un coin,
casse des noix;
La chatte, sur le foyer,
fait sa toilette,
Et les petits chats
ont mis des lunettes...
Guignent, guignent, les petits,
Si le vieux n'a pas fini:
Pas encore, mais tant pis...

III Dodo

Dodo, l'enfant do,
l'enfant dormira bientôt.
Aujourd'hui, le chat a mis
son bel habit gris,
Pour faire la chasse,
la chasse aux souris.

Dodo, l'enfant do,
l'enfant dormira bientôt.
Otera son bel habit
si l'enfant n'est pas gentil.
Dodo, l'enfant, do,
dormira bientôt.

IV Ce qu'il a, le chat

Ce qu'il a, le chat,
c'est un beau berceau qu'il a;
Mon enfant à moi en a
un bien plus beau que ça.

Ce qu'il a, le chat,
c'est un coussin blanc qu'il a;
Mon enfant à moi en a
un bien plus blanc que ça.

Ce qu'il a, le chat,
c'est un tout fin drap qu'il a;
Mon enfant à moi en a
un bien plus fin que ça.

Ce qu'il a le chat,
c'est un chaud bonnet qu'il a;
Mon enfant à moi en a
un bien plus chaud que ça.

On the Stove

You sleep on the stove,
nice and warm, cat;
The clock ticks; it ticks,
but not for you.

Indoors

Papa cat, in a corner
is cracking hazelnuts;
Mama cat, on the hearth,
is washing herself,
And the kittens
have put on spectacles...
They peer, peer, the little ones,
To see if the old guy has finished:
But not yet... too bad.

Lullaby

Sleep, child, sleep,
the child will soon sleep.
Today the cat has put on
his handsome gray suit,
To go hunting,
hunting for mice.

Sleep, child, sleep,
the child will soon sleep.
He'll take off his handsome suit
if the child does not behave.
Sleep, child, sleep,
he'll soon sleep.

What the Cat Has

What the cat has
is a beautiful cradle;
My own child has
one which is still more beautiful yet.

What the cat has
is a white cushion;
My own child has
one which is still whiter yet.

What the cat has
is a fine bed-sheet;
My own child has
one which is still finer yet.

What the cat has
is a warm bonnet;
My own child has
one which is still warmer yet.

Le carafon

"Pourquoi, se plaignait la carafe,
N'aurais-je pas un carafon?
Au zoo, madame la Girafe
N'a-t-elle pas un girafon?"
Un sorcier qui passait par là,
A cheval sur un phonographe,
Enregistra la belle voix
De soprano de la carafe
Et la fit entendre à Merlin.
"Fort bien, dit celui-ci, fort bien!"
Il frappa trois fois dans ses mains
Et la dame de la maison
Se demande encore pourquoi
Elle trouva, ce matin-là
Un joli petit carafon
Blotti tout contre la carafe
Ainsi qu'au zoo, le girafon
Pose son cou fragile et long
Sur le flanc clair de la giraffe.

Lune d'Avril

Lune,
Belle lune, lune d'Avril,
Faites-moi voir en mon dormant
Le pêcher au coeur de safran,
Le poisson qui rit du grésil,
L'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,
Doucement réveille les morts

Et surtout, surtout le pays
Où il fait joie, où il fait clair
Où soleilleux de primevères,
On a brisé tous les fusils.
Belle lune, lune d'Avril,
Lune.

The Baby Carafe

"Why, complained the carafe,
Should I not have a baby carafe?
At the zoo, Madame Giraffe
Has she not a baby giraffe?"
A sorcerer who was passing by
Astride a phonograph,
Recorded the lovely soprano voice
Of the carafe
And let Merlin hear it.
"Very good, said he, very good!"
He clapped his hands three times
And the lady of the house
Still asks herself why
She found that very morning
A pretty little baby carafe
Snuggling close to the carafe
Just as in the zoo, the baby giraffe
Rests its long fragile neck
Against the pale flank of the giraffe.

April Moon

Moon,
Beautiful moon, April moon,
Let me see in my sleep
The peach tree with the saffron heart,
The fish who laughs at the sleet,
The bird who, distant as a hunting horn,
Gently awakens the dead

And above all, above all, the land
Where there is joy, where is light,
Where sunny with primroses,
All the guns have been destroyed.
Beautiful moon, April moon,
Moon.

Maurice Carême (1899-1977)

Спи кот...

Спи кот, на печке,
На войлочке,
Лапки в головках,
Лисья шубка на плечах.

II. Кот на печи

Кот на печи
Сухари толчёт,
Кошка в лукошке
Ширинку шьёт,
Маленьки котят
В печурках сидят
Да на котика глядят,
Что на котика глядят
И сухари едят...

III. Бай-Бай...

Баюшки баю, прибаюкиваю...
Качь, качь, привезёт отец калач,
Матери сайку, сынку балалайку,
Баю, баю, прибаюкиваю...
Стану я качати,
В балалайчку играти,
А баю, баю, прибаюкивати...

IV. У кота, кота

1. У кота, кота
Колыбелька золота[,]
А у дитятки моево
И получше тово.

2. У кота, кота
И подушечка бела[,]
А у дитятки моево
И белее тово.

3. У кота, кота
И постелюшка мягка[,]
А у дитятки моево
И помягче тово.

4. У кота, кота
Одеялечко тепло[,]
А у дитятки моево
И теплее тово.

Sleep, Cat

Sleep, cat, over the brick stove,
On the felt cloth,
The paws under the head,
A fox-fur coat on the shoulders.

Cat on the Brick Stove

Papa cat on the brick stove
Crushes bread crusts;
Mama cat in the woven basket
Sews a linen cloth;
The little kittens
Are sitting in the oven niches
Looking at Papa cat;
Always looking at Papa
And eating the bread crusts.

Lullaby

Lullaby, lullaby, I am singing a lullaby...
Katch, katch*, father will bring kalatch**,
For mother- a bread roll, for his son- a balalaika.
Lullaby, lullaby, I am singing a lullaby...
I'll begin to rock the cradle,
To play the balalaika,
And to sing a lullaby.

The Cat Has

The cat has
A golden cradle,
Yet my child has
A better one.

The cat has
A white pillow,
Yet my child has
A whiter one.

The cat has
A soft bed,
Yet my child has
A softer one.

The cat has
A warm blanket,
Yet my child has
A warmer one.

*The sound made by the
rocking cradle
**A round, fancy bread.